THE ROMANCE OF A STATUE.

Teannot tell you the story just as Nikoia told it to me, with all that flow of language common in a Greek, my memory is not good enough for that; but the facts, and some of his quaint expressions, I san recount, for these I shall never forget. My travel took me to a distant island of the Greek Archipelago, called Sikinos, last winter, an island only to be reached by a sailing boat, and here, in quarters of the humblest nature, I was storm-stayed for five leng days. Nikola had been my muleteer on an expedition I made to a remote corner of the island, where still are to be traced the rains of an ancient Hellenic town, and about a mile from it a temple of Pythian Apollo. He was a fine stailwart fellow of thirty or thereabouts; he had a bright intelligent face, and he wore the usual island costume, namely, knickerbocker trousers of blue homespun calico, with a fulness, which hancs down between the legs, and when full of things, for it is the universal pocket, wabbles about like the stomach of a goose; on his head he wore a fade old fez, his feet were protected from the stones by sandals of untanued skin, and he carried a long stick in his hand with which to drive his mule.

Sikinos is perhaps the most unattainable corner of Europe, being nothing but a barren harborless rock in the middle of the Ægean Sea, possessing as a fleet one caique, which occasionally goes to a neighboring island where the steamer stops, to see if there are any communications from the outer warld, and four rotten hishing boats, which seldom venture more than a hundred yards from the shore. The diffeen hundred inhabitants of this rock icad a monotonous life in two villages, one of which is two hundred, years old, fortified and dirty, and called the "Kastro," or the "camp," the other is modern, and about five minutes" walk from the camp, and is called the other place", so nomeuclisture in Sikinos has been aminhabited since the days of the same and the work of the reach of purates, and remaited isolated from the world, and Nikola, the muleteer.

competency, and he expects any source of their tons, processing as earth of fortunes and views derived to the control of the c

"Toward evening I returned home. My mother's anxious face told me that she, too, had suffered during my absence; and out of a pot of lentil soup, which was simmering on the embers, she gave me a bowlful, and it refreshed me. To my dying day I shall never forget my father's and brothers' wrath. I had wilfully absented myself for a whole day from my work. I was called 'a peacock,' 'a burnt man' (equivalent to a fool), 'no man at all,' horns,' and any bad name that occurred to them. For days and weeks after this I was the most miserable, down-troden Greek alive, and all on account of a woman." And here Nikola came to a stop, and ordered his wife to fetch him another giass of raki to moisten his throat. No Greek can talk or sing long without a rlass of raki.

"About two mouths after these events," began Nikola with renewed vigor, "my father ordered me to clear away a heap of stones which occupied a corner of a little terrace-vineyard we owned on a slope near the charch of Episcopi. We always thought the stones had been put there to support the earth from falling from the terrace above, but it lately had occurred to my father that it was only a heap of loose stones which liad been cleared off the field and thrown there when the vineyard was made, and the removal of which would add several square feet to the small holding. Next 'morning I started about an hour before the Panagia (Madonna) had opened the gates of the East, with a mule and panniers to remove the stones. I worked hard enough when I got there, for the morning was cold, and I was beginning to find that the harder I worked the less time I had for thought. Stone after stone was remove. pannier-load after pannier-load was emptied down the clift, and fell ratiling among the brushwood and rousing the partridges and crows as 'they fell. After a couple of hours' work the mound was rapidly disappearing, when I came across something white projecting upward. I looked at it closely; it was a marble foot. More stones were removed, and disclosed a marble leg, a body,

The state of the s

"Poor me! in those days my hones grew very, very small indeed. How could I, an ismorant peasant, hope to get any money from anybody? So I thought less and less about my statue, and more and more about Kallirhoe, until my face grew hazgard again, and my mother sighed.

"My statue had been in her grave nearly a year," langhed Nikola, "and after, the way of the world she was nearly torgotten, when one day a caone put in to Sikinos, and two foreign effendi—Franks, I believe—came up to the town: they were the first that had visited our reck since the German who had opened, the graves on the billside, and had carried off a lot of gold and precious things. So we all stared at them very hard, and gathered in crowds around the iDemarch's door to get a glimpse at them as they sat at table. I was one of the crowd, and as I looked at them I thought of my buried statue, and my hope flickered again.

"Very soon the report went about among us that they were miners from Laurion, come to inspect our island and see if we had anything valuable in the way of minerals: and my fatter, whose vision it had been for years to find a mine and make himself rich thereby, was greatly excited, and offered to lend the strangers his mules. The old man was too infirm to go himself, greativy to his regret, but he sent me as muletteer, with directions to conduct the miners to certain points of the island, and to watch narrowly everything they picked up. Many times during the day I was tempted to tell them all about my statues it was tempted to tell them all about my statues it was tempted to tell them all about my statues it was tempted to tell them all about my statues it was tempted to tell them all about my statues it was tempted to tell them all about my statues it was tempted to tell them all about my statues it was tempted to tell them all about my statues it was tempted to tell them all about my statues it was to foreign effort. So I contented myself with asking all sorts of questions about Athens:

"All day I watched them closely, noted w

DREAMS OF A NEW NEW-YORK.

GROWTH OF THE CITY BEYOND THE HARLEM-

VI) WS OF MR. CRIMMINS.
"The growth of New-York during the next ten years," remarked President Crimmins, of the Park Commissioners, recently to a TRIBUNE reporter, as he glanced over a map of the annexed district, " I anticipate will exceed that of the ten years that have just closed. In connection with my work in the Park Board I have

commissioners, recently to a Thilluber reporter, as he glanced over a map of the annexed district, "I anticipate will exceed that of the ten years that have just clased. In connection with my work in the Park Board I have felt a great interest in the new city that is growing up beyond the Hariem River and of which the Park Commissioners are in some sense the founders. They will be responsible for most of the faults as well as for the advantages and beauties of this part of New-York. But comparatively few New-Yorkers know what has been done or is in progress in the new district. Many old New Yorkers would be surprised by a trip beyond the Hariem River ten years ago was the boundary line technically of the city. The elevated roads had just hegan to operate freely and Hariem was a little corporation by itself on the cest side of the Island with a wide stretch of rocky ferritory between it and the city proper filed in with a few stragging buildines and grow signaturers have been strated by the Hariem River that is not with a few stragging buildines and grow of signaturers have been dead to be the boundary line at One-hundred and-thirtieth-sit."

But the distance from the lower part of the island, "Not any more, I think," replied Mr. Crimmins, "than the same objection, wangested the reporter.

Brooking or Jersey City. Transit facilities will be even more convenient to upper New-York, and rates will be even more convenient to upper New-York, and rates will be even more convenient to upper New-York where people with moderate incomes may live comfortably and build and buy their own little homes. It is not as contracted in space as Manhatian Island, and with the Husbon lily and build and hay their own little homes. It is not as contracted in space as Manhatian Island, and with the Rusboring cities. The annexed district in the next twenty-five years will become the portion of New-York where people with moderate incomes may live comfortably and build and buy their own little homes. It is not as contracted in space as Manh

HUNTING A FREEMAN.

STIRRING MEMORY OF HOOSIERDOM.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A PREEMAN FROM BEING

DRAGGED INTO BONDAGE.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

INDIANAPOLIS, March 2.—Early in June, 1853, Pleasant E. Ellington, a slaveholder of Western Missouri, came to this city and claimed one John Free-Missouri, came to this city and claimed one John Freeman as his property. It was a conspiracy to steal and convey into slavery a freeman. This State at that time was largely Democratic, and being largely settled by emigrants from Kentucky Tennessee and Sorth Carolina, was deeply tainted with pro-slavery feelings. But a free-soil sentiment had sprung up among the people, and the leaven of liberty was fast leavening the whole lump. A writ was issued and Freeman arrested, Ellington swearing positively that in him he recognized a slave who escaped from him while living in Greenup County, Kentucky. Upon his affidavit Freeman was cast into jail. The news soon spread through the city, and the excitement was intense. Freeman had lived here for years and was highly respected as a sober, honest and industrious citizen. So great was the excitement that business was almost wholly suspended.

John L. Robinson was at that time United States Marshal for this district, and a rabid pro-slavery man. He lent all the power of its o tee to further the scheme

Marshal for this district, and a rabid pro-slavery man. He lent all the power of its o bee to further the scheme of Ellington. Ellington brought witnesses from Kentucky to identify his property. The marshal took them to the jail and compelled Freeman to strip in their presence. On one of his legs was found a soar. They declared they could identify him by that sear. Upon the testimenty of these witnesses, Ellington insisted Freeman's friends rallied to his resone. By his industry and commy be had been saled to accomplishe a little and economy he had been able to accumulate a little property in the city. To this Ellington laid claim. If Freeman was a slave, the property he had carned by his labor belonged not to him, but to his master. The case was set for hearing before William Sullivan, United States Commissioner, a fearless, upright and honest official. The friends of Freeman employed the law firm of Barbour, Ketcham & Coburn. Judge Barbour, the senior member of the firm, was a man learned in the law, standing at the head of his profession in the city. Mr. Ketcham was scarcely less eminent. Mr. Coburn was the youngest of the firm, and had only commenced the practice of his profession. Ellington was represented by Thomas and Robert Walpole, and Jonathan A. Liston, all acute and able practitioners. The attorneys for Freeman demanded time to procure witnesses to prove that he was tree-born. The attorneys for the claimant vehemently demanded an immediate hearing. They would hear of no delay, but stood upon

escaped and lived for years in Salem, Ohio; how Elling-ton had then found and claimed him, causing his arrest and incarceration in the jail; how, by the help of friends, he had a second time escaped, and about his flight to Canada. Mr. Coburn went to Salem and conversed with many who had taken part in the rescue. Among others, he met John Butler, with whom the slave had lived. This Butler was the man who had raised Copic, the friend and confederate of John Brown a few years later, at Harper's Ferry. Copie was then living with Butler, and had participated in the rescue. Mr. Coburn was shown a letter from the slave, written from his new

home in Canada.

Armed with all these facts, he returned to Indianapolis. Armed with all these facts, he returned to Indianapolia, and announced that he knew where the real slave was to be found. He offered to take the opposing counsel to Canada and satisfy them that the slave of Ellington was living there out of all danger from his master. If he falled he offered to pay all expenses, but if he succeeded, Ellington was to pay them. This proposition was met with scorn and laugnter. Preeman all this time had been in Jail, watched by the double guard. Ellington renewed his demand for the body of Freeman, and the excitement again waxed high. At last the friends of Freeman determined to appear to the courts of the State, and Judge Majors, of the Circuit bench, was asked for a writ of habeas corpus, Freeman's attorneys offering to prove by withesses from Georgia that he had been born free.

"JO." MARSHALL ON THE SCENE. The writ was granted and the trial began. So great was the excitement, and so large the attendance that the hearing of the case was adjourned from the courthouse to the Hall of Representatives in the Capitol. For three days the legal battle went, on, and while the attorneys were battling, the streets of the city were filled with exwere battling, the streets of the city were filled with ex-cited men, many of them armed to the teeth, and many times it looked as if a collision could not be avoided. Ellington's attorneys claimed that under the Fugitive Slave law the State courts had no jurisdiction, and could grant no writ against the United States Marshal. The attorneys for Fregran contended that he was a citizen of this State, and the State was bound to protect him with all her power. During the argument, so intense was the all her power. During the argument, so intense was the feeling of the people that Ellington and his attorneys had to be escorted to and from the courtroom by a police force. At last the arguments, pro and con, were all concluded, and then occurred one of the most remark-able scenes ever witnessed in any court of justice, a scene that was indelibly burned into the memories of those who witnessed it.

During the latter part of the argument, there was sit-

ting in the courtroom Joseph G. Marshall, (or Jo. Marshall, as he was called), of Madison, one of the Marshall family of Kentucky, noted for their eloquence. He was not engaged in the case, but had come upon other business, and seemingly he had taken no interest in what was going on around him, but had eat with his what was going on around him, but had sat with man head bowed upon a desk in front of him. This was a habit with him, and his listless, abstracted manner, when thus occupied, contrasted with his vehement eloquence when speaking, had giving him the name of the "Sleep-when speaking, had giving him the name of the "Sleep-when speaking, had giving him the name of the "Sleep-when speaking, had giving him the name of the "Sleep-when speaking," had give here when the same of the sleep-when speaking when speaking his speaking when speaking his speaking when speaking him the name of the "Sleep-when speaking him the name of the "Sleep-when speaking him the name of the speaking him the name of the "Sleep-when speaking him the name speaking him the name of the "Sleep-when speaking him the name speaking him the name s when speaking, had giving him the name of the "Sleeping Lion." He was thus sitting when Judge Majors began delivering his opinion. He said: "How can I presume any colored man is free!" Marshall's frame began to tremble, as if stirred by some emotion. The Court paused, and then slowly reseated: "How can I, in view of the Constitution and the laws, presume that any colored man is tree!" At this Marshall's hands were seen to grasp the sides of the table in front of him, and with his body shaking like an aspen, he pushed himself upward, until he towered in front of the judge, his broad Scottei-Irish face all aglow, and with his oves flashing out dignant fire, he thundered out: "I will answer that question!" and then without a moment's paine, the Court being too astorithed at the interruption to interfere, he inameted out into a torrent of logic and elogicance. He claimed that it was a fundamental question.

going back to the foundation of the Government; it was, in fact, the first principle upon which it was founded. It was considerable to that an overcignity. For it we went to was with Great Britain in 182, he would be went to was with Great Britain in 182, he would be went to was the constitution and the laws the presumption was that crery man, made in the image of his Maker, was free, until the centrary was established, and that slavery could only be established by positive proof. He contended that the writ of hateas corpus had not been suspended by the Fugitive Slave law; that it was an inalicable right of every clizen, white or black, bond or free. The State, he said, was not bound to give up a person to bondage until she know whether he was a slave or not. In this case slavery was deuied, and there was no power in the world that had a right to determine the question, but the sovereign State of Indiana, to whom the man belonged.

The world leayed from his mouth like hot shet from a cannon's muzzle, and he piled up his citations of law, and precedents one after another, and closed with a tremendous appeal for the downless and the vote, esculiar at examones which swayed him, and in its keen, jercing irebic secenced to cut into the very marrow of his listeners, and when he turned and hurled his invectives upon the slave-hunters, and the whole system of human bondage, it seemed to scorch and burn. His eloquence was like a torrent, his logic like an avalanche, and his invectives like a devastating hurricane. For an hour he spoke, his form swaying to and fro, his long hair standing out from his head as if electrified; when he stopped and sank into his seat. For a while it seemed as if no one could breathe. No such seems had ever before been witnessed. A judge on the bench, in the act of delivering his spinion, had been interrupted by one not engaged in the case, and for an hour been compelled by the very force of the law and precedents, were all in vain. The grip of the slave power and of prelations, the array of l

THE BABY OF THE FUTURE. From Punch.

Nurse.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour.
And gather honey ail the day
From every opening flower!

Baby (coldly)— How does the little bee do this ? Why, by an impulse blind, Cease, then, to praise good works of such An automatic kind.

Nurse.
Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For Heaven hath made them so.
Let bears and lons growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

Baby (ironically)— Indeed! A brutal nature, then, Excuses brutal ways.
Unthinking girl! you little know
The problems that you raise.

Nurse (continuing).
But, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Baby (contemptuously)—
Not "made to tear" I Well, what of that I
No more, at first, were claws.
All comes by adaptation, fool!
No need of Final Cause.
And if we use the hands to tear,
Just as the nose to smell,
Ere many ages have gone by
They'll do it very well.

Nurse.
Tom, Tom, the Piper's son.
Stole a pig, and away he run f

Baby (reproachfully)— Come, come I Away he " run "! Grammar condemns what you've just " done." Should we not read, "The Piper's man Stole a pig. and away he 'ran'"!

Nurse,
Hush-a-by, Baby,
On the tree-top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock. When the bough breaks
The crable will fall:
Down will come baby,
Cradle and all.

Baby (slyly).
This, but a truth
So familiar, you see,
As hardly to need
Illustration in me.

Nurse. Twinkle, twinkle, little star! How I wonder what you are!

Boby I wonder what you are boyou really wonder, Jane? And to me all seems so pain! Go downstairs, my girl, and find Books wherewith to improve you And if heavenly bodies then still remain beyond your ken, You had better go and ax Good Prefessor Parallax.

Nurse.
Bye, Baby-bunting.
Father's gone a-hunting.
All to get a rabbit's skiu
To wrap the Baby-bunting in.

Baby (sternly).
The cruel sport of hunting
To moral sense is stunting;
And since paper's objection
To useful viviscetion
Convicts him, as it seems to me,
Of signal inconsistency,
I must with thanks decline the skin
For wrapping Baby-bunting in.

[Puts Nurse to bed. Scene closes.] ONE MORE FOR THE LIFEBOAT CREW,"

From The Quiver. "The lads are affort, they have launched the boat Where the moaring storm-birds flew. Oh, wife! from the shores they cry, 'One more, With strong, steady hand and true! There are lives to save On the frothing waye—One more for for the lifeboat crew P

"Nay, shiver not so that I seaward 20,
Nor shrink from the night's black hue;
There is danger far where our brethren are,
And the moments left grow few.
There are lives to save
From a yawning grave—
One more for the lifeboat's crew!

"A kiss for the ways of our courtship days,
A kiss for love's Eden-view.
When the white clids woke as the joy-bells broke,
And home held a glory new.
Heaven's help I crave!
There are are fives to save—
One more for the lifeboat crew!

"This kiss, my sweet, till again we meet,
And another I leave with you
For the babe at rest on your brave, brave breast—
God keep my little lad true,
And strengthen his soul
When the deep waves roll
A call for the lifebeat crew!"

When the deep waves ron

J. 1. C.'s GRANDSON.

From The Chicage Mati.

"I" J. I. Case," said a Wisconsin man, who sat in Broker
Bebwartt's oillee, "has a little grandson now who has altogether supplanted the famous Jay-Eye-See in the graft
millionnaire's big heart." When the millionnaire's
youngest daughter lost her heart it went into the possession of a young fellow who nad no money and who
had simply a moderate place in the office of the Racine
Plough Works. "Oh, yes, take her if you want. You don't
get anything with her, though, mind that; not a d—d
penny," was the answer which the suitor got when he
asked the old man's consent. There was only a molest
wedding, and then the couple moved into a little cottege
rented by the husband. "Give 'em a house! No, by —!
Let 'em hustle," was the way the old man met a plea
from the girl's mother. "Didu't we have to hustle, eh!
Are they any better'n us!"

The old man went along and spent thousands on his
famous gelding. The young couple moved along in a
humarum way like scores of other modest couples in
Racine. The young man 'hustled,' got around every
day, pald 'ris debts promptly and asved a little money.
Then came a little youngster—a boy. Rough old Case
got around to see it; got around oftener after that. He
used to dance the boy on his knee.

"Yhatcher goin' to call him?" he blurted out one day.

"We thought we'd name him after his grandpa," said
the pretty young mother.

"See here, young fellow," said the rough man of
money, who started life as a blacksmith, "here is
\$100,000 for you. I'll start you in businesa." So now
the old man dances his grandson on his knees, the young
man hustles on his own account, the young mother
looks prettier than ever, and Jay-Eye-See's nose is com-

CURRENT ANECDOTES.

A COURTEOUS CAT.

From The Manchester Times.

A member of the Zoological Society says: "I once had a cat who always ast up to the finner table with me, and had his napkin round his neck, and his plate and some fielb. He used his paw, of course, but he was very particular, and behaved with extraordinary desortim. When he had finished his fish I sometimes gave him a nices of unine.

when he had a piece of mine.

One day he was not to be found when the dinner bell rang, so we began without him. Just as the plates were put round for the entree, puss came rushing upstairs and a rang into his chair, with two mice in his mouth. Before he could be stopped de dropped a mouse on to his own plate, and then one on to mine. He divided als dinner with me, as I had divided mine with him.

dinner with me, as I had divided mine with him.

AN EXDEMPORIZED MARRIAGE.

From Three Months in the Soudan.

The magnificent extravagance of the late Khedive is well exemplified in the small palace he built for the Empress Eugenie, and which has never been occupied since. Here, too, an instance of thorough Oriental arbitrariness occurred. The Empress, while thanking the Khedive for the magnificont reception he had given her, happened to say that the only thing she had not seen was an Arab marriage. "Indeed," said the Khedive, 'this shall soon he remedied." So he sent for his A D.C., gave him one of his Circassian slaves from the haren, presented him with a large dowry, and topd the actorished official that everything was to be ready in two days.

Accordingly, on the second day there was a grand marriage a l'Arabe. The Empress was greatly pleased, and the A.D.C., a man far more European than Egyptian, and who spoke several European languages splendidly, found himself indissolubly attached to a Mahomedan wife, while all along it bad been the dream of his life to marry a European lady, one educated like himself, and with whom he could associate. But he knew he dared not refuse, and so an accident settled his whole future its.

THE PRACTICAL END OF SOCIALISM.

THE PRACTICAL END OF SOCIALISM. THE PRACTICAL END OF SOCIALISM.

Prom The Manchester Tunes.

A rdaper's assistant in Loudon, who was in the habit, with his master's cognizance, of attending a workmen's Socialistic meeting, neglected for a week or two to attend the meetings, and the following dialogue took place between master and man. Master—"well. John, and how is it that you have not kept up your attendance at the Socialistic meetings it John (rather confusedly)—"Well, sir, 1 don't think I shall go any more." Master—"But how is that John it"

John—"I have found out, sir, that the scheme is not quite so fair as I thought it was. At the last meeting I attended we calculated how much there would be for every one when everything was divided up, and we found it would only be £105 each, and you know, sir, I have £150 in the bank."

found it would only be £105 each, and you know, sir, I have £150 in the bank."

THE DISKEPUTABLE DOG.

From The Bodon Ecching Record.

A friend of The Record has a very original dog. He came to the family a little, scrawny, mangy, timid yellow dog. He is now a large, fat, well conditioned, consequential yellow dog. There is a beer shop about two blocks from the residence which the dog adopted for his own, and Buff goes there occasionally and druks the drip pings that fall from the fancet of the beer keg into a tub kept for the purpose. Sometimes he drinks so much of this fascinating liquid that he becomes very drunk and goes home in a sad state. When, at dinner time, a long, deep, sectorous grunt is heard from underneath the table at the back of the room and a visitor gives a look of surprise the explanation is, "Oh, Buff is drunk again."

Next door lives a handsome setter named Captain. Buff had always whipped him in their chance heatile encounters until Captain learned to give him a wide berth. But one day Captain happened to see Buff going home from the beer shop in a shocking state of hiebriety. He knew that the moment for his revenge had come, and rushed upon the incapable Buff like a wolf on a lamb, faiff made an exceedingly unsteady and incapable defence. The tyrant of the neighborhood was as effectually disarmed as Sullivan was before Mitchell. He went home dreadfully whipped, and with such a sonse of humiliation that he has quite left of going to the beer shop—until the next time—and has not since molested Captain.

The best thing about this story is that it is absolutely true.

Captain.

The best thing about this story is that it is absolutely true.

CHICKENS AND PILLS.

Dr. Jones, who practises in a subury of this city, has an elaborate machine for making pills. The doctor's practice is quite extensive and when he puts the machine in operation the result is enough to scare a nervous patient into convalescence or fits. Not long ago Dr. Jones made several quarts of pills and waited for a bright day to dry them. As soon as he got a good look at the sun he spread the pills carefully on the roof of a convenient outbuilding and drove off to see his patients. About half an hour after the doctor's bugsy had disappeared Mrs. Jones heard an unusually vociferous squawk from the boss rooster of the back yard, but she had not curiosity enough to investigate the cause, being confident that no colored brother would invade the chicken reservation on such a bright day. If she had looked she would have seen the rooster perched on the roof of the outbuilding eating pills as though he were laying up for seven lean years of famine.

Attracted by the rooster's summons to the banquet, and his evident enloyment thereof, one or two hens flew up to the top of the shed and proceeded to devour the pills. They cackled and clucked a little after satisfying their appetites, and more hens come. Then more leas cackled. Then there were still more hens and less pills. The increased volume of the cackling lindings in by the nen convention finally attracted Mrs. Jones's abtention again and she went forth to learn the cause. She didn't learn it just then, for the entire cause was concealed within the hens. Not a pill was to be seen. Two or three hens lay on the ground writhing from the effects of blue mass. The beas rooster sat grimly in a fence corner laboring under a dose of godophyllin. I'we or three gay young pullets had been so highly benefited that they were fighting out the disputed title to a pill that one of them had swallowed. Other fowls staggered about in a dazed sort of fashion, as if wondering whas was the

THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

From Wide. Awake.

I suppose you know that nearly all kinds of birds take their flight to a warmer part of the country in the far distant South, upon the approach of cold weather, and come back to us again with the opening days of spring. Among these are the blackbirds. But one whiter, not many years ago, in a lodging camp, away up in the Minnesota Pineries, where the weather is very cold in midmany years ago, in a lodging camp, away up in the sine-nesota Pineries, where the weather is very cold in mid-winter, two blackbirds remained all winter, making their home in the building used as a stable for the oxen. The rough lumbermen, who had never known of a cass like this before, were pleased and were kind to the little birds; the man who had charge of the camp and cooked for the stalwart choppers scattered crumbs for them in generous quantities near the camp door, and the birds soon learned to expect their food at regular times each

generous described to expect their food at regular times each day.

When the weather was extremely cold the little birds kept in the stable (or, as the men call it, "hovel"; all through the day. That is, they would "sit in the barn to keep themselves warm and hide their heads under their wings—poor things." And when the oxen were driven home from their work in the evening, the birds would hall them with cries of welcome, and alight on the warm backs of the oxen and nestle down in the thick bushy hair, probably to warm their toos. And every night they slept on their chosen perch, nestled down sundy on the backs of the good-natured beasts, who either did not care or were unaware of their presence. In sunny days they flew about, alighting in the tail pluss and on the bir log building—which the men call the "camp"—but never, during all that long winter, iid they go far away from their chosen home.

PAYING A SCOUNDREL.
From The Curicuz

Alexander Dumas contributes to the Curicuz an ancedote told him by the late Henri Didier, who was a Deputy under the Second Empire. Didier's father was secretary to the Minister of the Interior at the time when the Duchess de Berri was arrested at Nantes at the end of her attempt to raise the country against Louis Philippe and in favor of her son, the Count de Chambord. The traitor, Deutz, agreed to sell to the Government the secret of her hiding place for 500,000 france, and it was the elder Didier's duty to pay the secondrel for his dirty work. He took his son Henri Into the office, and said.
*Look well now at what pleases, and never forget if. You will learn what a lacke is, and the method of paying him."
Deutz was then brought into the room where M.

him."

Deutz was then brought into the room where M. Didier was standing behind his desk, on which were placed two packets, each of which centained 250,000 francs. As bentz neared the desk, M. Didier made a sign to him to stop; then, taking a pair of toogs, he extended the packets one after the other into the hands open to receive them. Not a word was spoken; and, when the transfer was effected, M. Didier pointed to the door.

WHEELS GOING BACKWARD.

From The Cheege Herald.

"Did you ever see a railway train running in one direction while the wheels were going the other I" inquired a conductor on the Illinois Central.

"Never."

"Well, down on our Springfield division, between Gilman and Clinton, we had that experience a few days ago. The fail of soft, sticky snow stuck right on top of the rails, warmed a little in the noon sun, and in the afternoon hardened in the cold. We didn't get a train through till near night that day. The rails were two streaks of gil. tening ice. Up at Pulaski we struck a big grade right at a station where we were trying to stop. The engineer put on the brakes and finally reversed the lever and pulled the throttle wide open. But it was no go. We went down the grade faster than I ever travelled before, with the driving wheels of our locomotive going backward. It was a three mile slide. Those who saw us go down say it was the oddest sight they ever saw. I don't want any more railroad tebogganing in mine.

ADVANCING SPRING

With its sudden changes of weather, often causes derangement of the digestive organs, and billousness; and also excites the impurities in the blood, which show themselves in cutaneous cruptions, such as pimples and bolls. Hood's san saparilla regulates and touse the digestion, and expels all impurities from the blood.

"My son suffered from spring debility and loss of appealing, but was restered to health as soon as he began to take Moore Sarsaparilia." MRS. THALIA SMITH, Solpieville, N. Y. BILIOUSNESS CURED

"During the spring and summer I was troubled with bil-ionsness and loss of appetits. I was salvised to try Hoed's Sarnaparilla, and did so with the best results. I have recom-mended it to a great many of my customera, to whem it has given entire satisfaction." E. R. NOWLAND, Draggish,

"I have used Hood's Saresparilla for biliousness: think it a great remedy for that complaint." J. W. A.B.OTT, Man-phester, M. H.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all draggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made cally by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecarios, Lewell, Mass.

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